Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,
And there it is in writing fairely drawne.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamouth long agoe.

Hor. Yet read the gamouth of *Hortentio.*

Bian. Gamouth I am the ground of all accord:
A re, to plead *Hortensio's* passion:
Beeme, Bianca take him for thy Lord
C faut, that loues with all affection:
D sol re, one Cliffe, two notes haue I,
E la mi, show pitty or I die.
Call you this gamouth? tut I like it not,
Old fashions please me best, I am not so nice
To charge true rules for old inuentions.

Enter a Messenger.

Nicke. Mistresse your father prayes you leaue your bookes,
And helpe to dresse your sisters chamber vp,
You know to morrow is the wedding day.

Bian. Farewell sweete masters both, I must be gon.

Luc. Faith Mistresse then I haue no cause to stay.

Hor. But I haue cause to pry into this pedant,
Me thinkes he lookes as though he was in loue:
Yet if thy thoughts *Bianca* be so humble
To cast thy wandring eies on euery stale:
Seize thee that List, if once I finde thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. *Exit.*

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and others, attendants.

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the pointed day
That *Katherine* and *Petruchio* should be married,
And yet we heare not of our sonne in Law:
What will be said, what mockery will it be?
To want the Bride-groome when the Priest attends
To speake the ceremoniall rites of marriage?
What saies *Lucentio* to this shame of ours?

Kate. No shame but mine: I must forsooth be forst
To giue my hand oppos'd against my heart
Vnto a mad-braine rudesby full of spleene,
Who woo'd in haste, and meanes to wed at leisure

I told you I, he was a franticke fo
Hiding his bitter iests in blunt beh
And to be noted for a merry man;
Hee'll wooe a thousand, point the
Make friends, inuite, and proclaim
Yet neuer meanes to wed where he
Now must the world point at poor
And say, loe, there is mad *Petruch*
If it would please him come and m

Tra. Patience good *Katherine*
Vpon my life *Petruchio* meanes bu
What euer fortune stayes him from
Though he be blunt, I knew him
Though he be merry, yet withall he

Kate. Would *Katherine* had ne

Bap. Go girle, I cannot blame
For such an iniurie would vexe a ve
Much more a shrew of impatient hu

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master, newes,
heard of,

Bap. Is it new and old too? ho

Bion. Why, is it not newes to he

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why no sir?

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is comming.

Bap. When will he be heere?

Bion. When he stands where I a

Tra. But say, what to thine old

Bion Why *Petruchio* is comm
ierkin, a paire of old breeches thric
haue beene candle-cases, one buck
sword tane out of the Towne Ar
chapelesse: with two broken points
mothy saddle, and stirrops of no kin
glanders, and like to mose in the c
palse, infected with the fashions,

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